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PHYSICK.

A

POEM.

LONDON,

Printed for *George Sawbridge*, at the *Three Golden Flower de Luces*, in *Little Britain*. 1712.

PHYSICÆ
POEMA.

16 63 MAY

LONDON.

Printed for George Sawbridge, at the Three Pidgeons
over-against the Inner-Temple Gate. 1702.

PHYSICK.

A

POEM.

WHen first Omnipotence his Pow'r disply'd
(For long before, the great Design was lay'd)
Forth from th' eternal Architect, the Word,
The mighty Fiat sprung, which did aford To

To Matter then unactive, Life and Light,
'Till then the Chaos with perpetual Night
Surrounded lay, but when th' Almighty ſpoke,
The ſluggiſh Maſs was with Convulſions ſtruck.
Hence all created Beings firſt aroſe;
Hence the Celeſtial Orbs their beautious Forms diſcloſe;
Hence they receiv'd their vaſt ſtupendious Height;
Hence the Terraqueous Globe its pond'rous Weight;
Man, Lord like Man, from thence receiv'd his Birth,
From the Production of his Mother Earth;
Stamp'd with his Maker's Form, his Soul Divine,
In him Perfection did conſpicuous ſhine,
As the peculiar Favourite of Heav'n;
To him the ſole Command of all was giv'n;
He by inferior Beings was ador'd,
And in ſubmiſſive Terms they own'd him Lord;

The

The feather'd Kind ſtrive, with extended Throats,
To charm his Ears with their ſoft warbling Notes;
Ten thouſand Objects pleas'd his wand'ring Sight,
And all expreſſing an immence Delight,
The Chriſtial Streams in gentle Murmurs glide,
By flow'ry Banks adorn'd on either ſide.
Unſpotted Innocence his Actions grac'd,
When he in *Eden*'s Garden firſt was plac'd;
'Till Heaven, indulgent of the Man it made,
A Help-meet gave him, who the Man betray'd
From Life's eternal Joys, to Death's Embrace,
Devolv'd on him, and his unhappy Race:
Thus conſcious of his Crime, in vain he mourns,
And from the Preſence of his God he turns;
With Dread, Amazement, and Confuſion ſeiz'd,
That he Almighty Goodneſs had diſpleas'd:

Hence,

Hence, as the juſt Reſult of all his Fears,
Sickneſs and Death, a thouſand Pains and Cares,
Surround that Breaſt, once innocent and free,
But dreading now a ſad Eternity.

As his unhappy Ofspring ſhar'd his Fate,
So from that wretched Day commenc'd the Date
Of Death's reſiſtleſs and tyrannick Power.
Convinc'd of this, tho' latent ſtill the Hour,
Man, by prudential Choice, now prudent Man,
To ward the fatal Stroke, at firſt began
The ſalutiferous Pow'r of Herbs, to try,
And what ſpecifick Charm, what Energy
Was in each Plant, each different Herb contain'd,
And how the Heav'nly Bodies o'er 'em reign'd.

Thus

Thus Human Race, by Nature's Dictates, shew'd
What Plant was hurtful, and what Plant was good,
'Till solid Judgment had convinc'd 'em so.
Thus Physick first it's infant Face did show,
And when Success had once confirm'd their Skill,
Experience made progressive Motions still;
Each Age improving what the first began:
Crown'd with Success, from hence aspiring Man,
Ambitious still of Praise, not here confin'd,
Still urg'd his Thoughts, to distant Views assign'd:
Hence with industrious Pains, does first explore
The solid Globe, the diff'rent Forms of Oar;
Then with stupendious Art, their Pow'r he tries;
And finds their Vertue in their Sulphur lyes.
Then from the dark Recesses of the Earth,
In which the trembling Fluid takes its Birth,

He views with Wonder its meander'd Veins,
And ſeems amaz'd at what the Globe contains.

As Heav'n's reſplendent Lamp expands his Light,
And all the World is raviſh'd with the Sight,
So *Phyſick* now its radiant Luſtre ſhow'd;
Spotleſs as Light, its Charms diffuſive flow'd;
From Pole to Pole, its primogenial Worth,
Now in Meridian Brightneſs iſſu'd forth.

Thus Man, with Learning and with Knowledge fraught,
By nice Inſpection of his Nature taught,
The Structure of the Brain, from whence we ſee
Whence ſubtil Spirits readily convey
Their powerful Energy thro' ev'ry Nerve,
How the Mechanick Laws of Motion ſerve;

How

How they on various Matter operate,
How laviſh of themſelves, in ſome create
Knowledge expanſive, as the boundleſs Space;
Wiſdom's Original from hence we trace.
Hence 'tis by different Diſtributions here;
Some ſhine more radiant, and adorn their Sphere.
Facetious *St---l*, to pleaſe the liſt'ning Town,
Judgment polite, and boundleſs Wit has ſhown.
When learn'd *Machaon* trys his wond'rous Skill,
A thouſand Charms themſelves at once reveal,
And ſoon tranſporting Joys th' Afflicted feel;
Convinc'd by long Experience, that his Art,
On ſolid Judgment built, does Health impart;
Whilſt bold *Empiricus* with Grandeur moves,
And thinks the World the Pageantry approves.

So Meteors, with a dazling Light array'd,
To falſe Ideas have the Sight betray'd.

In Characters indeleble was penn'd,
What in the Maze of Nature was contain'd:
How quick the Motion of the limpid Flood;
And how with vital Warmth the crimſon Blood,
Fann'd with Effluviums of the wanton Air,
Makes the bright Lamp of Life continue clear,
How ſempiternal Sapience did appear.
With matchleſs Skill, when he at firſt ordain'd
Thoſe wond'rous Organs in the Breaſt contain'd;
What various Turns of Motion they expreſs,
And their nice Symmetry, his Pow'r confeſs.

Inſpir'd with ſacred Learning, they define
The Works of Providence, the great Deſign

Of him, who thoſe Celeſtial Orbs does move,
(Whoſe Mercies boundleſs, and the ſame his Love)
With Contemplation they revere his Name,
And bright Ideas of his Wiſdom frame.
Hence, with harmonious Lays, all o're divine,
Does pious *Bl---e* of Creation ſing,
With artful Skill the Paths of Nature trace,
And her perverted Courſe with Reaſon chaſe.
Hence, with ſurprizing Skill, they explicate
The Cauſe, the Nature, and determin'd State
Of reſtleſs Ferments, how they ſhock the Soul;
With what impetuous Rage, without Controul,
They urge their Way, and how they hurry o're
Nature's Economy, 'till Life's no more;
Then they unfold the Cauſe, how all on Fire
Our Paſſions are, how hurry'd by Deſire;

How Beauty with insatiate Ardor warms,
And how the Flame is fann'd, to taste its Charms:
Why Tremblings do enervate Nature's Frame,
And how convulsive Motions rack the same:
Why sulphurous Damps infect the Atmosphere,
And how the Blood accends by nitrous Air:
How its perpetual Motion's carry'd on,
And how its Circulation first began.
No more it does in dark Meanders glide,
But all it's secret Currents are descry'd;
How various Fluids from the same's secern'd,
And there the Rudiments of Life's discern'd
In Forms minute, 'till Time and Nature's Laws
Do Ferments raise, which are th' efficient Cause
Of brisk Expansion, by whose wond'rous Pow'r
The latent Principles of Life, before

Unactive lay, but now with Vigour mov'd,
Exert their Force, and are to Man improv'd.

Thus *Pæans* Beams, with never fading Rays
Of glorious Splendor, claim immortal Praiſe;
Whoſe emanating Streams adorn the World,
And Ignorance to diſtant Realms is hurl'd.
Unequal ſtill his Diſtributions are,
All bright and pow'rful in ſome appear;
In others, ſhew themſelves but faintly clear.
Hence *Be----n*, with refulgent Light's array'd,
Here Fame does celebrate the Praiſe of *M----d*,
And there immortal Worth, do's ſhine in *C----de*.
Hence *W----d* does a formal Look put on,
And a tranſcendent Stock does blaze in *S----*.

Hence,

Hence ſprightly *Pſyla*'s, by the Fair careſt,
With gen'rous Pitty flowing in his Breaſt,
Helps, as *Lucina*'s Favourite, the Diſtreſt.
To radiant *Celſus* we a Tribute own
Of grateful Praiſe, who a *New Light* has ſhown,
Tho' uſher'd in by C---- his *B*----
Three glorious Lights, like riſing Suns, appear,
By Intervals to Grace, our Hemiſphere
In Converſe witty, and in Judgment clear.
So equidiſtant Lines drawn parallel,
Tho' diſtant ſtill, an equal Pow'r reveal.
Then not fear *Briton*'s Health, or Sight you'll want,
Whilſt Learning ſhines in *M*——, in *R*—, or *G*——.

When

When Nature in myſterious Paths does tread,
The Sons of Art in beaten Tracts are led,
And know no more than what their Fathers ſaid.
Confus'd in Thought, wild wrong Conſtructions make,
And for true Symptoms, the Reverſe do take.
From Principles on ſuch Foundations laid,
Soon to erroneous Practice are betray'd.
Oh! *Æſculapius* ——
But happy you, happy beyond compare;
Not cramp'd by Learning, to a narrow Sphere;
Know well, what e're Experience taught of Old,
To purge the Droſs of Art from native Gold.
Then from the ſprightly Efforts of your Mind,
By formal Rules, not fetter'd nor confin'd,
Such clear Ideas of Diſtempers have,
(Whilſt others in bewilder'd Thoughts they leave)

That

That to your piercing Skill they're all expos'd,
Their latent Cauſes are by you diſclos'd :
You all their ſubtle Stratagems evade,
To your bright Self, they'ere all conſpicuous laid.
Thus by a Series of experience bleſs'd,
Prodigious is your Art, by all confeſs'd,
With ſuch Sublimity of Judgment grac'd.

When drooping Mortals fear the Stroke of Death,
Tumultuous Conflicts ſhock the trembling Breath,
Contracts apace a cold and clammy Sweat,
Attack the Man, and faint his Pulſes beat ;
His Eyes, that once with Vigour briskly ſhin'd,
Can ſcarce within their Orbits be confin'd ;
Convuls'd all o'er, fearing each Hour his laſt,
Th' Afflicted beg your kind aſſiſting Haſte.
Whoſe Name revives and where ſo e'er you come,
Tears are diſmis'd and Joys ſupply their Room.
Health tends on your Preſcriptions, when you write,
Approaching Death retreats, and takes his Flight.

FINIS.